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VOL. V.

N. B. The following Prints; marked with * are Originals, ſome of which were never before publiſhed.

1 The Frontiſpiece *
2 The State of *America* *
3 Thro' the Wood Laddie *
4 The Repeal
5 The Statue of Anti Sejanus
6 The rum Grumblers *
7 The *Scots* Yoke *
8 *Tyburn*'s Interview *
9 Its all of a Peace *
10 The *Scots* Impudence *
11 The State Nurſery *
12 Old Woman taught Wiſdom *
13 } Hieroglyphic Letter from a
14 } Lady to a Laird *
15 Exciſe Alamode *
16 *Gloria Mundi*; or P. Exalted *
17 The Tombſtone
18 Pitt on Crutches *
19 The Grand Financer
20 The *American* Ballance *
21 Pitt and Wilkes on Liberty *
22 The State Puppet Shew *

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BRITISH ANTIDOTE,

AND

SCOTS SCOURGE.

VOL. V.

Plate 2.

REPRESENTING the DEPLORABLE STATE of AMERICA under the Influence of, her Ruin is attemp'ed, at the *Top*, is a Figure repreſenting *France* holding in one *Hand* a *Purſe* of Money to a Comet, marked with a Jack Boot, out of her Mouth a Libel, by which we find the Star to ſhed its baneful Influence on *Britannia*, who preſents a Box to *America*, telling her it is the St—p A—t, on the Box is wrote Pandoras's Box fill'd with Calamities, *America* who is in Deep Diſtreſs, calls out to *Minerva* to ſecure her, for ſhe abhors it as Death, but *Wiſdom* forbids her taking it and points to *Liberty* who is Expiring at the Feet of *America*, cloſe by it is a fair Tree inſcribing to *Liberty* at whoſe Root grows a Thiſtle, from under it creeps a Viper and infixes its Sting in the Side of *Liberty*,—*Mercury* who ſignifies Commerce, reluctantly leaves *America*, *Boras* near the Comet blows a violent Guſt full upon the Tree of *Liberty* againſt Royalty, leans, and expreſſes her Fear of looſing her Support, behind a Number of Ships haul'd up to be ſold, a Crowd of Sailors diſmiſſed, on the other ſide a Gallows with this Inſcription, fit Entertainment for St—p M—n, a Number of Exciſemen with Libels expreſſing,

Thro' the Wood Laddie, or the *Gentle Shepherd.*

Plate 3.

SEE here is *Sejanus*, exalting over the gentle Shepherd, who receiving now the Reward of his paſt Services: while the Duke of *Spitalfields*, and *Jemmy Twitcher* are waiting to wipe his A—; Ah, how the Mighty are fallen.

REPEAL. Plate 4.

THE *Hero* of this Print is the gentle Mr. *Stamper*, who is carrying to the Family Vault his favourite Child, in a Coffin, Miſs AME STAMP about twelve Months old.

Anti Sejanus, who reads the Burial Service, is the firſt in the Proceſſion.—After him follow Two Pillars of the Law, ſupporting Two Black Flags: on which are the uſual Stamp, conſiſting of the *White Roſe* united with the *Thiſtle*, ſuppoſed to have been originally contrived on the *Tenth of June*. The expreſſive Motto of *Semper eadem* is preſerved: but the Price of the Stamp is changed to *Three Farthings*, which the *Budget* explains; and the *ſmall Numbers*, which are pointed at, are too contemptible to deſerve Notice *by the Majority*. The Chief Mourner, *Sejanus*, follows Mr. *Stamper*. Then Two remarkable Perſonages, the celebrated *Weaver* and Lord *Gawkee:* after them *Jemmy Twitcher*, with his Friend and Partner Lord *H*———. To B———s conclude the Proceſſion. Upon the Fore Ground are two large Bales of Black Cloth and Stamps returned from *America*.

The unhappy Gang are ſeparated from the joyous Scene that is oppoſite, on the other Side of the River *Thames:* where, along the Shore, are *Open Warehouſes* for the Goods of different Manufacturing Towns now ſhipping for *America*. In the River are three Firſt rate Ships, the *Rockingham*, the *Grafton*, and the *Conway*. Among the Goods ſhipping off, is a large Caſe, which is wrote upon a *Statue of Mr. Pitt:* this is heaving on board a Boat *Number* 250. There is another Boat *nearer* the Firſt rates, taking Goods in alſo, and is *numbered* 105

N B. The two Skeleton Heads, upon the Vault were Monſters born in the Rebellions of the Years 1715 and 1745.

The

The Statue of *Anti-Sejanus.* Plate 5.

ANti-Sejanus with his Head bound with Leaves of Virginia Tobacco, ſupporting in his Right Hand a Scroll of Stamps, in his Left a Branch of the Cyder Apple-Tree, leaning on a Deſk of the *Cuſtom-Houſe*; *Horror* ſtaring him in the Face, with *Repeal* written on his Breaſt: on the one Side *Jemmy Twitcher*, with a Scroll in his Hand, whereon is written, the *Funeral Anthem of Miſs Ame Stamp*, the Words by *Anti Sejanus*, ſet to the Muſic of a favourite Piece called, *Marga.et's Grimly Ghoſt*, with proper *Choruſſes* by himſelf: on the other Side, the *Duke of Spitalfields*; each admiring the *Statue:* Behind it, is the Gentle Shepherd, or Mr. *Geo. Stamp*, (the Deſigner of this elegant Piece of *Sculpture*) executed by *Col. Sedition*, who at preſent is much engaged in getting ſome other capital Pieces of Sculpture ready for further Exhibition, therefore could not poſſibly honour this ſtamping Aſſembly with his Preſence at this Time; in his Hand are two Scrolls, the one a Plan of the *Family Vault of the Stamps*; the other, an *Elegy* for the Loſs of his favourite Child *Miſs Ame Stamp*, written by *Anti-Sejanus. Sir Bullface Doublefee* on the Fore Ground on one Side, and *Lord Gawkee*, alias *Stowe*, and Mr. *Alex. Scotburn*, on the other: at the Foot of the *Statue*, a Weavers Wife, kneeling, with two Infants, ragged and ſtarving. On the white *Marble* on the *Pedeſtal* on the Right Hand, is the *Inſcription*; on the Left, the Subſcribers Names.

The Rumgrumblers of *Great Britain.* A Song. Plate 6.

Replete with good Senſe and Ridicule, upon the different Parties, who rail alternately at Peace or War, without ever being ſatisfied with either.

Tune,

Tune, *The Rouſt Beef of England.*

GOOD People attend (if you can but ſpare time)
To a grumbling Poet, who grumbles in Rhyme,
To ſit down in Silence—is now deem'd a Crime.
O the rum Grumblers of England!
And O the Old Engliſh Grumblers!

When St—ſ--n miſcarry, and Things go awry,
The Coffee-Houſe Grumblers their Rancour let fly,
And ſnarl, ſnap, and worry—yet know not for why,
O the rum Grumblers, &c.

Muckle Glee fills the heart of brave *Sawney* the *Scot*,
Becauſe he has ſlily the upper Hand got,
The *Engliſhman* grumbles—becauſe he has not.
O the rum Grumblers, &c.

Some *Grumblers* poſſeſs'd of more Money than Senſe,
Complain of the Land-Tax, the War and Expence,
That *Conqueſt brings ruin*—they plead for Defence
O the rum Grumblers, &c.

The poor People grumble about the ſtrong Beer,
Our Soldiers and Sailors too grumble for Fear,
Of looſing the *Dollars*—they hope to bring here.
O the rum Grumblers, &c.

The *Pittamites* grumble at *Hogarth*'s new Print,
With Countenance crabbed, they juſt take a Squint,
And ſwear from * *John Bull* he has pilfer'd the Hint.
O the rum Grumblers, &c,

Old *Formal* exclaims thus againſt the Q—n's A—,
"What pity the Author unpuniſh'd ſhould paſs?"
"Let them grumble, cries *Hal* while I add to the Maſs."
O the rum Grumblers, &c.

Thus grumbling and growling from Morning till Night
The Nation remains a terrible Plight;
For Grumbling will never—ſet Matters to right.
O the rum Grumblers, &c.

Then let us not into ſuch ſtrange Madneſs fall,
And loudly for *Peace*, and no *Peace* rave and bawl;
But pray for a good one—or elſe none at all.
O the rum Grumblers of England!
And O the Old Engliſh Grumblers!

* *John Bull*'s Houſe in Flames. See Vol. 1. Plate 13.

The Scots Yoke, or, Engliſh Reſentment.

A New Song. Plate 7.

To the Tune of, *The Queen's Aſs.*

OF *Freedom* no longer let *Engliſhmen* boaſt,
Nor *Liberty* more be their favourite Toaſt;
The Hydra *Oppreſſion*, your Charter defies,
And galls *Engliſh* Necks with the *Yoke* of *Exciſe*,
The Yoke *of* Exciſe, *the* Yoke *of* Exciſe,
And galls Engliſh *Necks, with the* Yoke *of* Exciſe.
In vain have you conquer'd my brave Hearts of Oak,
Your *Lawrels*, your *Conqueſts*, are all but a *Joke*;
Let ar--f- ly *Peace* ſerve to open your Eyes,
And the d-n-ble Scheme of a *Cyder Exciſe*,
A Cyder-Exciſe, *a* Cyder Exciſe.
And the d-n ble Scheme of a Cyder-Exciſe.
What though on your *Porter* a Duty was laid,
Your *Light* double-tax'd, and encroach'd on your Trade,
Who e'er could have thought that a *Briton* ſo wiſe,
Would admit ſuch a *Tax* as the *Cyder-Exciſe*.
The Cyder-Exciſe, *&c.*
I appeal to the *Fox*, or his Friend *John a' Boot*,
If tax'd thus the *Juice*, then how ſoon may the *Fruit?*
Adieu then to good *Apple puddings* and *Pyes*,
If e'er they ſhould taſte of a curſed *Exciſe*.
A curſed Exciſe, *&c.*
Let thoſe at the H——m, who have ſought to enſlave
A Nation ſo glorious, a People ſo brave;
At once be convinc'd that their Scheme you deſpiſe,
And ſhed your laſt Blood to oppoſe their *Exciſe*.
Oppoſe their Exciſe, *&c.*
Come on then my Lads, who have fought and have bled
A *Tax* may, perhaps, ſoon be laid on your *Bread*;
Ye Natives of *Worc'ſter* and *Devon* ariſe,
And *ſtrike* at the *Root* of the *Cyder Exciſe*.
The Cyder-Exciſe, *&c.*
No longer let K——s at the H—m of the St—e,
With fleecing and grinding purſue *Britain*'s Fate;

Let

Let Power no longer your Wiſhes diſguiſe,
But *off* with their Heads—by the Way of *Exciſe*.
The Way of Exciſe, *&c.*
From two *Latin* Words, *ex* and *ſcindo*, I ween,
Came the *hard Word* EXCISE, which *to cut off* does mean;
Take the Hint then, my Lads, let your *Freedom* adviſe
And give them a *Taſte* of their *fav'rite Exciſe*.
Their fav'rite Exciſe, *&c.*
Then toſs off your Bumpers my Lads, while you may,
To PITT and Lord TEMPLE, huzza, Boys, huzza!
Here's the King that to tax his poor Subjects denies,
But pox o' the *Schemer* that plann'd the *Exciſe*,
That plann'd the Exciſe, *that plann'd the* Exciſe
But pox o' the Schemer *that plann'd the* Exciſe.

The *TYBURN* INTERVIEW,

A NEW SONG. Plate 8.

By a Cyder-Merchant *of* South-Ham, Devonſhire.

Dedicated to *JACK KETCH.*

To the Tune, *A Cobler there was*, &c.

AS *Sawney* from *Tweed* was a trudging to Town,
To reſt his tir'd Limbs on the Graſs he ſat down
When growſing his Oatmeal, he turn'd up his Eyes,
And kenn'd a ſtrange Pile on three Pillars ariſe.
Derry down, &c.
Amaz'd he ſtarts up, "Thou Thing of odd Form,
That ſtand'ſt here defying each turbulent Storm,
What art thou? Thy Office declare at my Word,
Or thou ſhalt not eſcape this ſtrong Arm and broad Sword,"
Derry down, &c.
Quoth the Structure, "Altho' I'm not known unto thee,
Thy Countrymens Lives have been ſhorten'd by me;
To ſtrike thee at once, know that *Tyburn*'s my Name,
In *Scotland*, no Doubt, you have heard of my Fame.
Derry down, &c.

When

When arm'd all rebellious, like Vultures you roſe,
A Set of ſuch Shagbrags you frighten'd the Crows;
To rid the tir'd Land of ſuch Vermin as you,
I groan'd with receiving but barely my Due.
Derry down, &c.

And ſtill I'm in Hopes of another to come,
For *Tyburn* will certain at laſt be his Home;
He'll come from the Summit of Honour's vaſt Height,
With a Star and a Garter to dubb me a Knight."
Derry down, &c.

His paſſion now *Sawney* no more could contain,
" My Sword ſhall now prove all thy Hopes are in
" vain;"
So ſaying, he brandiſh'd it high in the Air,
When ſtrait a *Scotch* Voice cry'd out—*Sawney* forbear.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

The Phantom that ſpoke now appear'd in a Trice,
And to the ſcar'd *Scotſman* thus gave his Advice:
" Calm thy Breaſt that now boils with Vexation and
Rage,
And let what I ſpeak thy Attention engage.
Derry down, &c.

No longer with Fury engage this old Tree,
His Back ſhall bear Vengeance for you and for me;
For know, my dear Friend, the Time is at Hand,
When with *Engliſhmen Tyburn* ſhall thin half the Land.
Derry down, &c.

The Caſe is revers'd by a good Friend of ours,
All Treaſon is *Engliſh*, and Loyalty yours:
Poſts, Honour, and Profits, all *Scotſmen* await,
While the Natives ſhall tremble, and curſe their hard
Fate.
Derry down, &c.

The War is no more, and each Soldier and Tar,
The Strength and the Bulwark of *England* in War,
And coming to prove our Friend's deep Penetration,
As the firſt Sacrifice to our *Scotch Exaltation*."
Derry down, &c.

Here

Here ended the Phantom, and ſunk in the Ground,
While the blue Flames of Hell glar'd terrible round;
When for *London* young *Sawney* around turn'd his Eyes,
Where he march'd for a Place in the *new rais'd* EXCISE.

Derry down, &c.

Ye national Schemers, come tell me, I pray,
Your Intention in this, *To bring more Scotch in play?*
For this muſt the Tax be enforc'd with all Speed,
For Thouſands are coming between *here* and *Tweed.*

Derry down, &c.

Ah! hapleſs *Old England*, no longer be merry,
Since *B*— has thus tax'd your Beer, Cyder and Perry
Look ſullen and ſad, for now this is done,
No Doubt, in ſhort Time, they'll tax *Laughing* and *Fun.*

Derry down, &c.

Yet let the proud Laird who preſides at the Helm,
Extend his Exciſe to each Thing in the Realm:
A Tax on *Spring Water* I think would be right,
For *Water*, 'tis known, is as common as *Light.*

Derry down, &c.

Meat, *Butter*, and *Cheeſe*, "By my Saul that will do!
'Twill affect all the *Land*, and bring *Money* in too;"
Proceed, my good Laird, may the *H l--r* or *A -t*,
Reward you for laying each *infamous* T--x

Derry down, &c.

An EPIGRAM.

Written Extempore, *by an* Exile. Plate 9.

This is the Houſe *that* JACK *is building.*

AS I paſs'd by the Quagmire near *Berkley Square*,
I beheld ſuch a Sight as oblig'd me to ſtare;
The Sons of cold *Hebron* with Trowel and Hodd,
Were raiſing a Temple to GISBAL their *God.*
Engliſh Bricks on each other were laying by Scores,
All ſtrongly cemented with *French Louis-d Ores.*

Unhappy

Unhappy *Britannia!* this grand ſtately Roof
Of *Bondage* to come is too glaring Proof;
In Time then awake, and inſtead of a Palace,
To the Joy of *Old England*, erect him a *Gallows*.

It's all of a Peace. See Plate 9.

A moſt excellent Satire on the Deficiency of thoſe Heads who have the Management of the Peace, and of the little Monkey who fiddled away the Conqueſt upon the Pillar of Fame; with the ſtanch Patriotiſm of a noble Commander, whoſe Oppoſition to ſuch Meaſures is very well known, and applauded by the Public.

Scotch *Impudence, or the Northern Grinder.*

Plate 10.

A good general Satire on People who ſubmit to be impoſed on by their Inferiors, by giving them a Power they always abuſe; in particular it may always be applied to any Prince or Princeſs who ſuffer themſelves to be influenced by Favourites.

Plate 11.

1

FIRST you ſee Old ſly Volpone y.
Riding on the ſhoulders brawny.
Of the muckle Favourite Sawney.
Doodle, doodle. do, &c.

2

Near him little Maſter Dowd a.
Of his apple play thing proud-a.
His thumb cuts and roars aloud-a.
Doodle, doodle, do, &c.

3

Him behold ſee pretty Rocky.
In A Bib and Bantlings Frocky.
Whips and Gallops like a Jockey.
Doodle, doodle, do. &c.

4

There behold young Charly Grinning.
With his Whirligig a Spinning.
Laughs like one that's ſure of Winning.
Doodle, doodle, do, &c.

5

Who is that that Rocks the Cradle.
With his Head ſo light and addle.
That's old Gammer Fiddle Fiddle.
Doodle, doodle, do, &c.

6

He's their Nurſe and ſure they need him.
Pretty Babes in Strings to lead 'em.
And with Pap of State to feed 'em.
Doodle, doodle, do, &c.

7

What tho' now they're croſs and mute-a.
Soon they'll learn to ſpeak for *B* a.
Or be Whip'd without diſpute-a.
Doodle, doodle, do. &c.

8

Did you ne'r at Southwark Fair o.
See an old Head grin and Stare o.
Thro' a little bantling Chair o.
Doodle, doodle, do, &c.

9

Here's a ſtranger ſight and bolder.
That will charm each new beholder.
Infant Heads on Dotards ſhoulders.
Doodle, doodle, do, &c.

10

Oh how bleſt muſt be the Nation.
Where ſuch monſters are in faſhion.
And poſſeſs the Adminiſtration.
Doodle, doodle, do, &c.

Plate 12.

The Old Woman taught Wiſdom.

GOODY Bull and her Daughter together fell out,
Both ſquabbled and wrangled, and made a damn'd Rout;
But the Cauſe of their Quarrel remains to be told;
Then lend both your Ears and the Tale I'll unfold.
Derry down, &c.

The old Lady it ſeems, took a Freak in her Head,
That her Daughter, grown Woman, might earn her own Bread,
Self applauding her Scheme, ſhe was ready to Dance,
But we're often too ſanguine in what we advance.
Derry down, &c.

For mark the Event: thus by fortune we're croſt,
Nor ſhould any one reckon without a good Hoſt:
The Daughter was ſulky, and wou'd n't come to,
And pray what in this Caſe could the Old Woman do?
In vain did the Matron hold forth in the Cauſe,
That the young one was able; her Duty, the Laws,
Ingratitude vile, Diſobedience far worſe;
But, ſhe might e'en as well have ſung Pſalms to a Horſe. *Derry down, &c.*

Young, froward and ſullen, and vain of her beauty,
She tartly reply'd, that ſhe well knew her Duty,
That other Folk's Children were kept by their Friends,
And that ſome Folks lov'd People but for their own Ends. *Derry down, &c.*

She ſobbed and blubber'd, ſhe bluſter'd and ſwore,
If her Mother perſiſted, ſhe'd turn common Whore,
The old Woman thus threaten'd fell down in a Fit,
And who in the Nick, ſhould hop in, but Will P--tt,
Derry down, &c.

Zounds! Neighbour, quoth he, what the Devil's the Matter,
A Man cannot reſt in his Houſe for your Clatter,
Alas!

Alas! cries the Daughter, here's dainty fine Work,
The old Woman's grown harder than Jew or than Turk. *Derry down*, &c.
She be d—nd, cries the Farmer, and to her he goes,
Firſt roars in her Ears, then tweaks her old Noſe,
Holla, Goody, what ails you? Wake Woman, I ſay,
I am come to make Peace in this deſperate Fray. *Derry down*, &c.
Adſooks ope thine Eyes, what a pother is here,
You have no right to compel her, you have not I ſwear,
Be rul'd by your Friends, kneel down and aſk Pardon,
You'd be ſorry I'm ſure, ſhould ſhe walk Covent Garden. *Derry down*, &c.
Alas! cries the old woman, and muſt I comply,
But, I'd rather ſubmit than the Huſſy ſhould die,
Pooh, prithee be quiet, be Friends and agree,
You muſt ſurely be right, if you are *guided by me*. *Derry down*, &c.
Unwillingly aukward, the Mother knelt down,
While the abſolute Farmer went on with a Frown,
Come kiſs the poor Child, then come kiſs and be Friends,
There kiſs your poor Daughter, and make her amends, *Derry down*, &c.
No thanks to your Mother; the Daughter replied;
But Thanks to my Friend here, I've humbled your Pride,
Then pray leave off this Nonſenſe, 'tis all a meer Farce,
As I've carried my Point, you may now kiſs my —— *Derry down*, &c.

An Hieroglyphic Letter from a certain Lady to a certain Lord.

Plate 13. and 14.

The ancient Egyptians were very famous for this Kind of Writing, and it has been pretty much uſed of late in political Affairs, in England. Upon proper Peruſal, the Characters and Objects of this Letter explain themſelves to the Satisfaction of the Reader.

Exciſe *alamode*, *or* Sawney's *Oeconomy*.

Plate 15.

Which, with the Head-piece, ſufficiently ſhews the Inconſiſtency of ſuch a Scheme, and at the ſame Time how little Reaſon we had to imagine it would ever have paſſed.

Ha! ha! ha! What a Figure the Ruſtics have here made of the great Projectors of this famous, or rather infamous Scheme; would they were not merely Effigies, and that the poor *Cyder Makers* had a more ſubſtantial and real Revenge.

Gloria Mundi.

Plate 16.

This Print was trumped up by Sejanus and his Party, againſt the Great Commoner; who they have placed on the Globe: blowing thro' a Pipe, blubbers of his Popularity; while the Mob below are ſounding his Praiſe; on the right Side is a Figure modelling a Crown into a Commonwealth's Hat.

Tombſtone.

Plate 17.

The late Duke of Cumberland's Tomb; one ſide is Britannia, and on the other is America weeping for their Loſs; his Enemies are dancing on the Top. Viz. Sejanus, Geo. Stamp, the Duke of Spittal-fields; with Anti-Sejanus in a ſhape of a Monkey, moved by Jemmy Twitcher in one Hand; and in the other, the Tail of Lucifer playing them all a Tune on the Bagpipe, behind are two Biſhops well known: On the other ſide is Donald of Halifax coming to join in the Dance, the Flag ſupported by Lord Gawkie.

Coloſſus,

Coloſſus, or *Pitt* on Stilts.

Plate 18.

The Great Commoner, now Earl of C—— is here placed on Stilts, one fiſhing Sedition in America, or raiſing the Senſe of thoſe brave People againſt the Stamp Act, the other fixt in the City of London: who was then his true Friend; and two Crutches, one fixed on his Penſion, the other hovering over St. Stevens Chappel: where now he is a Member its to be hoped for the Good of his Country, as well as himſelf: but Time will bring all to our View.

Plate 19.

See Oeconomy filling the Scales holding by George Stamp the well known Father of Miſs Amie Stamp: Pitt tells them they ſhould keep their Conqueſt to pay the National Debt: while the Americans are groaning under the Yoke; but now are relieved by the Earl of C—m, a ſincere Friend to his King and Country.

Plate 20 explains itſelf.

Plate 21.

Here's Pitt, Temple, Wilkes and Churchill, the true Supporters of Engliſh Liberty, now expiring in the Arms of P—t, and is deliver'd from Scottiſh Fraction:

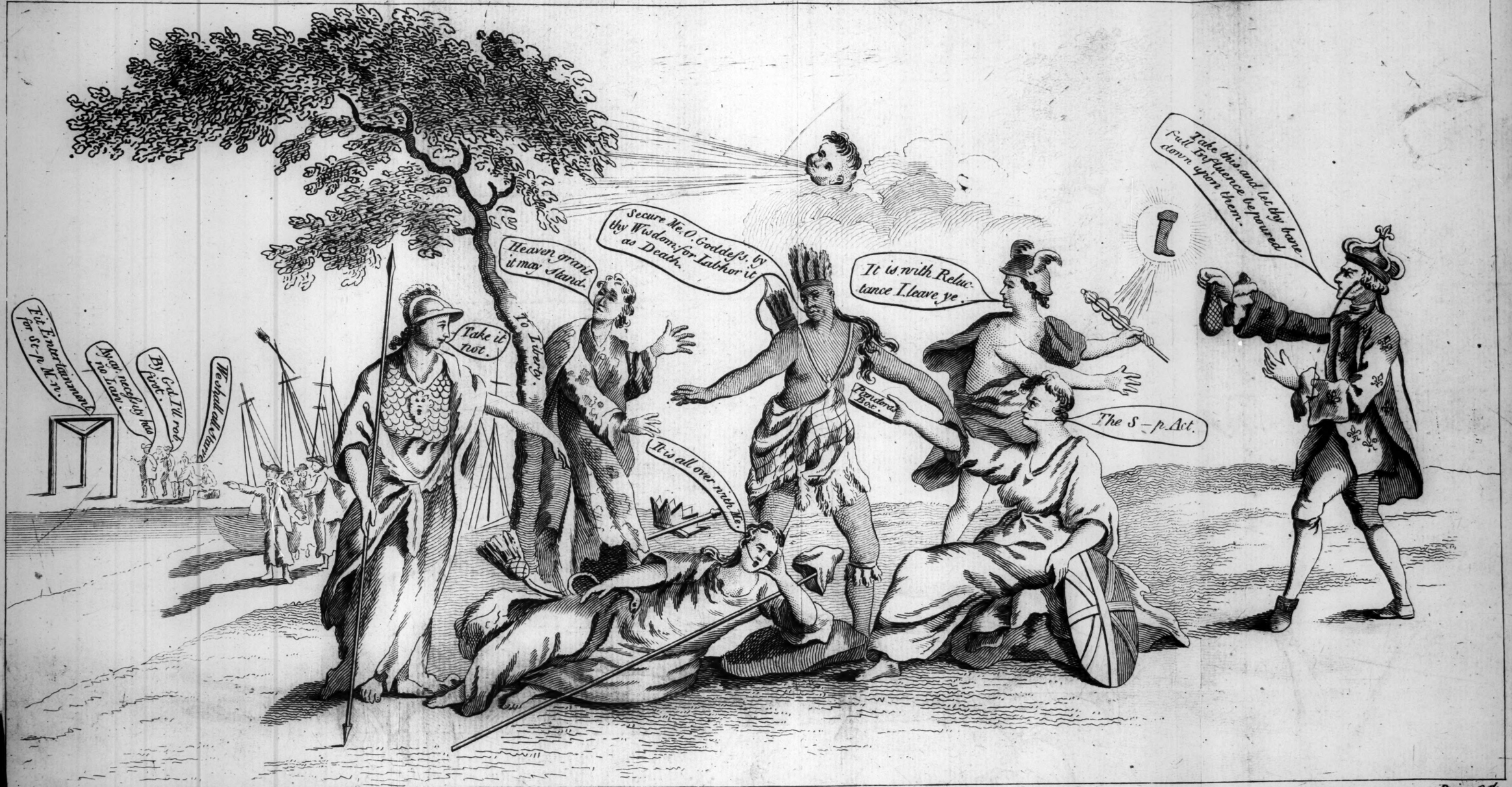
The State Puppet-ſhew.

Plate 22.

None but the Devil himſelf, and a S——h Miniſter, could have exhibited ſuch a Scene. The Actors too are all ſubſervient to the Will of the Managers, tho' greatly diſguſtful to the Spectators in general.

FINIS.

THE DEPLORABLE STATE of AMERICA or SC—H GOVERNMENT.



Price 6d

That's a nasty Act I'm sure.

Now tell me &c.

Nothing like a Weavers Petition to wipe ones A —.

We'll both wipe my Lad, and if my Chap-n Antis's Canus was here he should have Wipe too.

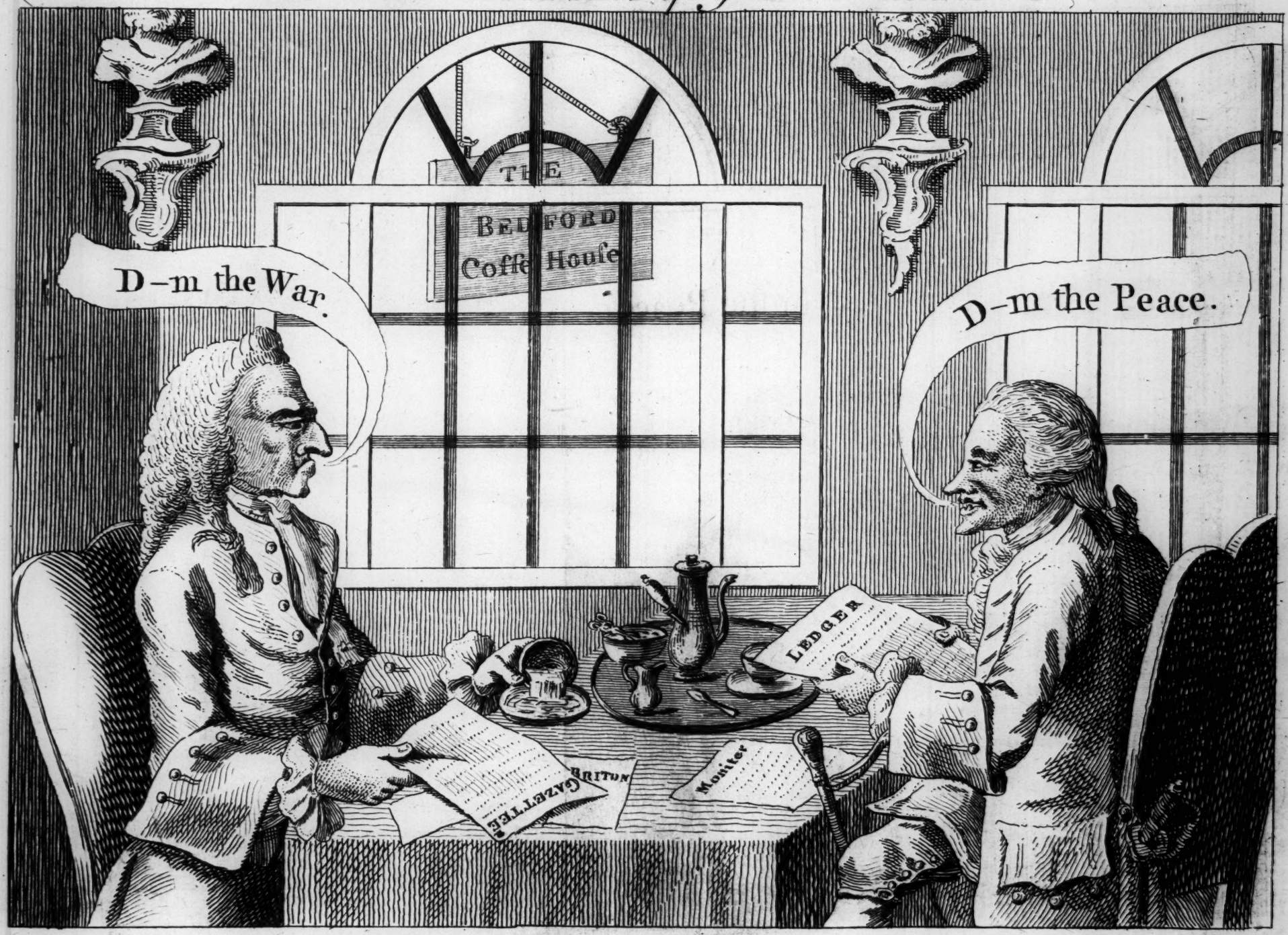
The Weavers Petition

Essay on Woman.

and then but here's.

The Repeal or the Funeral of Miss Stamp

The Statue or the Adoration of the Wise Men of the West



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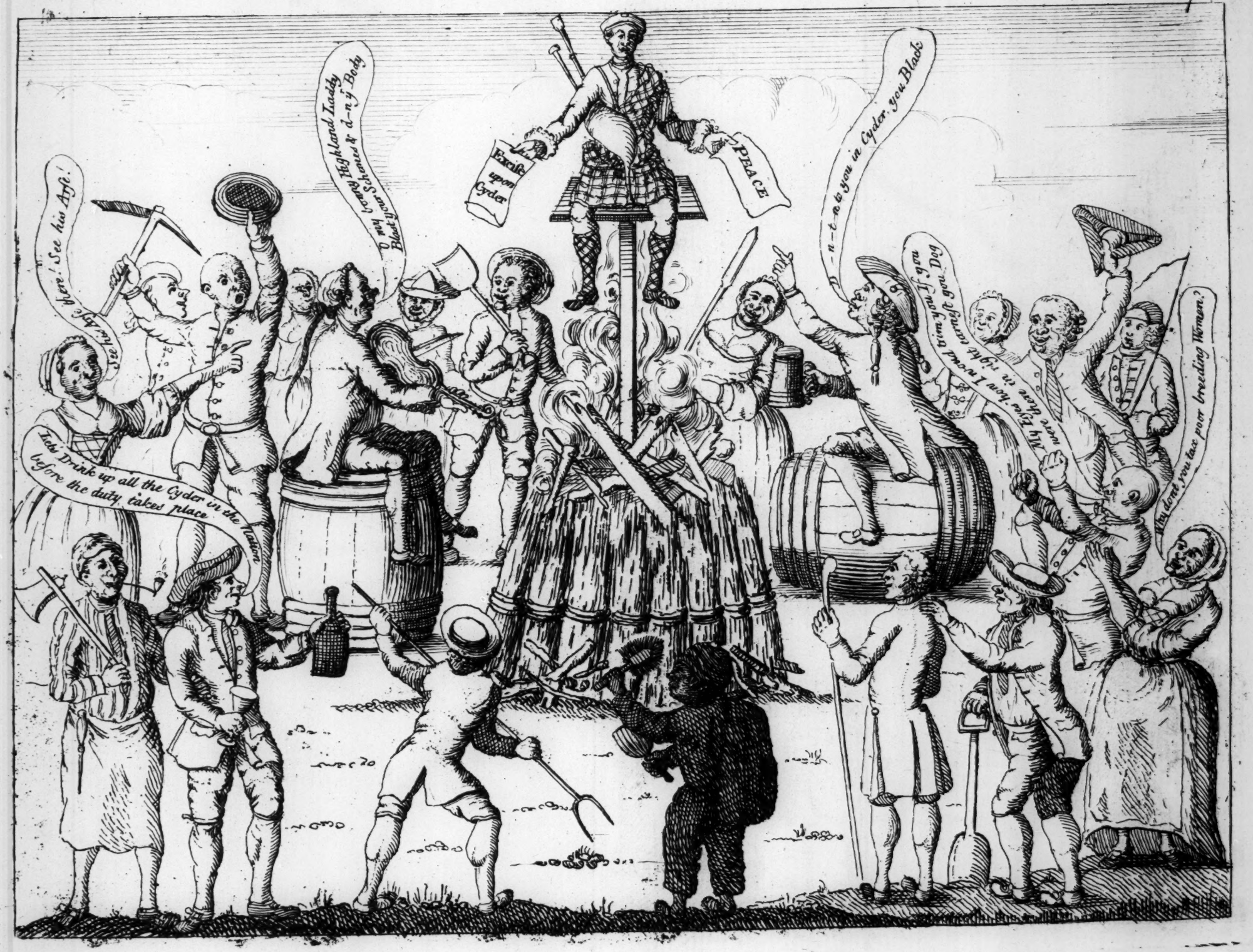
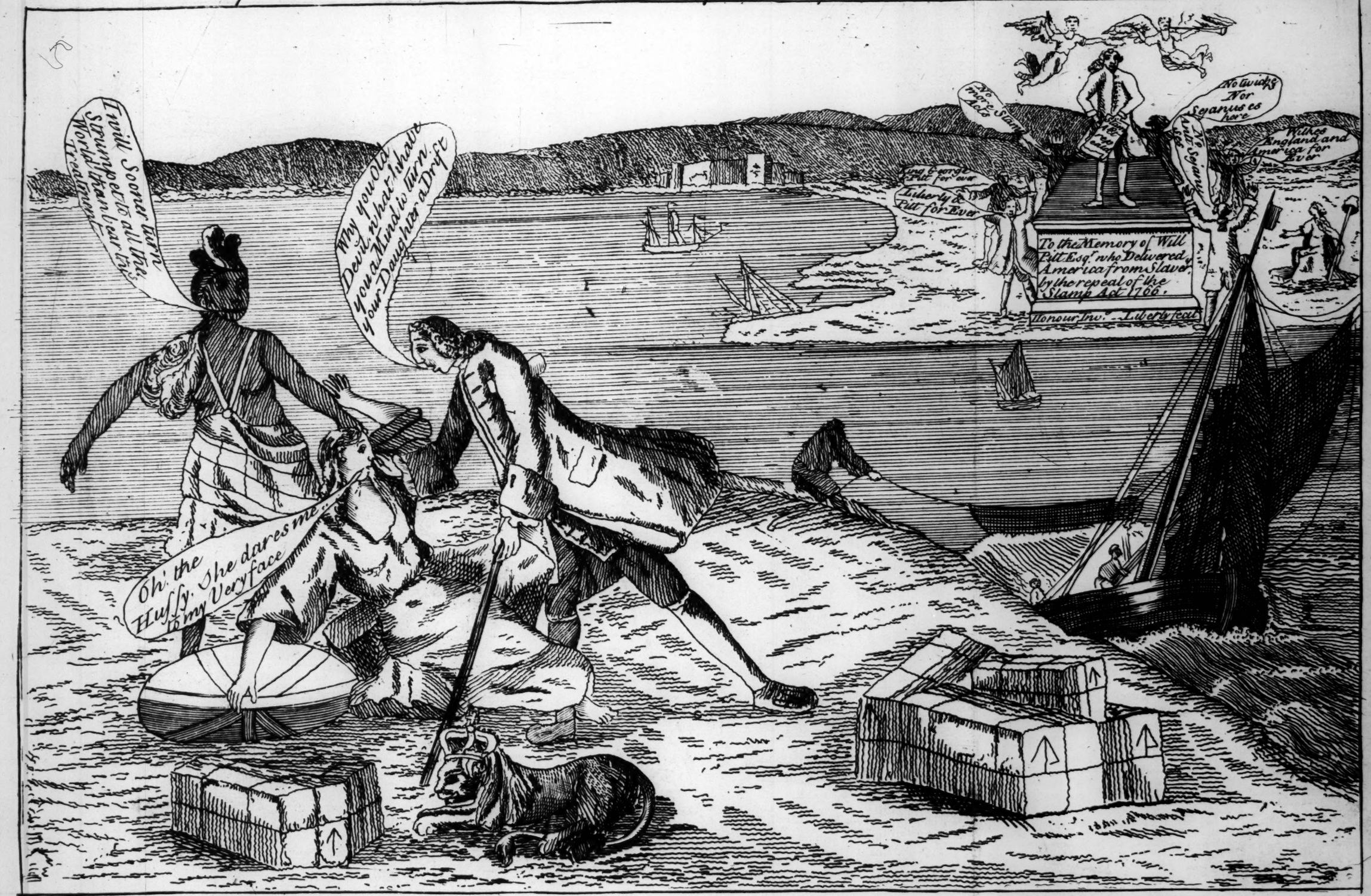

Excise upon Cyder
PEACE
D-n-t-n to you in Cyder you Black
Let's drink up all the Cyder in the Nation before the duty takes place
Ise like dat, See his Arse!
D-my heavy Highland Laddy Blast your Schanes & d-n y' Body
May Five hour I would drink you & your more dear in right coming Dog
You dont, you take poor breeding Women?

IT's ALL OF A PEACE, *or* French Leuis dors *for* Englifh Bricks.

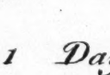
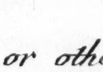
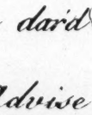
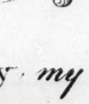
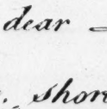
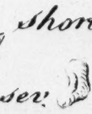
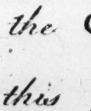
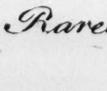
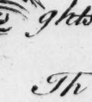
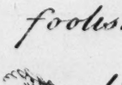
10

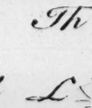
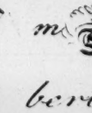
Plate 4. Impudence no. 1. The Matchmaker. Engraved

The Crown after Reprieved!
Treasury
Go up to the Treasury


Why you old Devil, what shall you a Mind to turn your Daughter a Drift
I will Sooner turn Strumpet to all the World than Learn Treatment
Oh! the Huffy, She dares me to my Very face
No more Stamp Acts
No Wicked Nor Seganuses here
Wilkes England and America for Ever
Liberty & Pitt for Ever
Liberty & Pitt for Ever
To the Memory of Will Pitt Esq.r who Delivered America from Slavery by the repeal of the Stamp Act 1766.
Honour Inv.r Liberty fecit

My dd Lord

am pleased with Res on, and think
t at present a ve rudent as pol ck Scheme,
m so w | cons d w ll have the rection
of every thing f will g de the Reins of
the State, think proper. sh have the Curb
or the * ; evere my good Lord in t eveneſs of Temper
have been dist ng ished for so long: Let the Iow and Il
t ate Ra make th No m nd neas th
is a for Things; may 1 Day or other feast self w th
Vengeance on all T who have dard  n-s  l in the least:
Hower Things R Advise Calm and Iet
Œconomy my dear Lord reside in eve  Thing. If we play
Our  right, shortly the will have O grum for: Nothing
can be m ser  Them t the CYDER EXC , a
few Raree Shows (which are the del  ghts of this foolish Count) w ll
very soon ban sh t from Th m nds, and t  for a-
noth  Stroke at Th sted L  bert  .

w ll Xcuse, m  D  Lord, the rough and unpolite Man these
H nts are conveyd in, especiat know they come from a
Person who adores & loves m than Words Ex rſs.

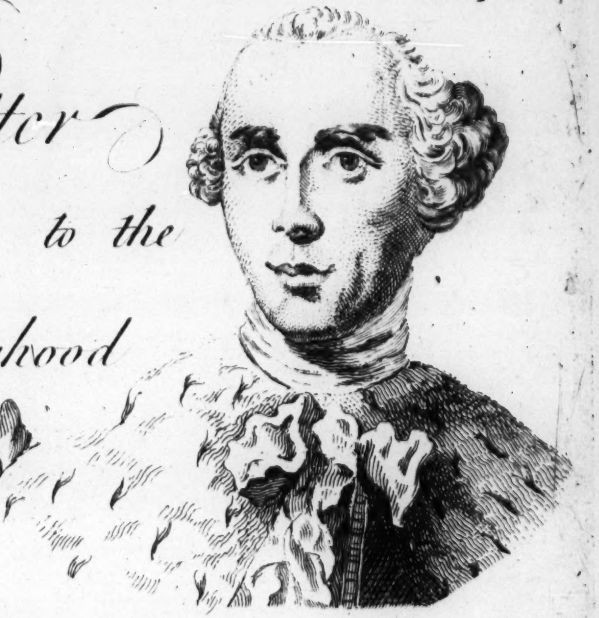
Yours &c.

A

Hieroglyphic Letter

from the

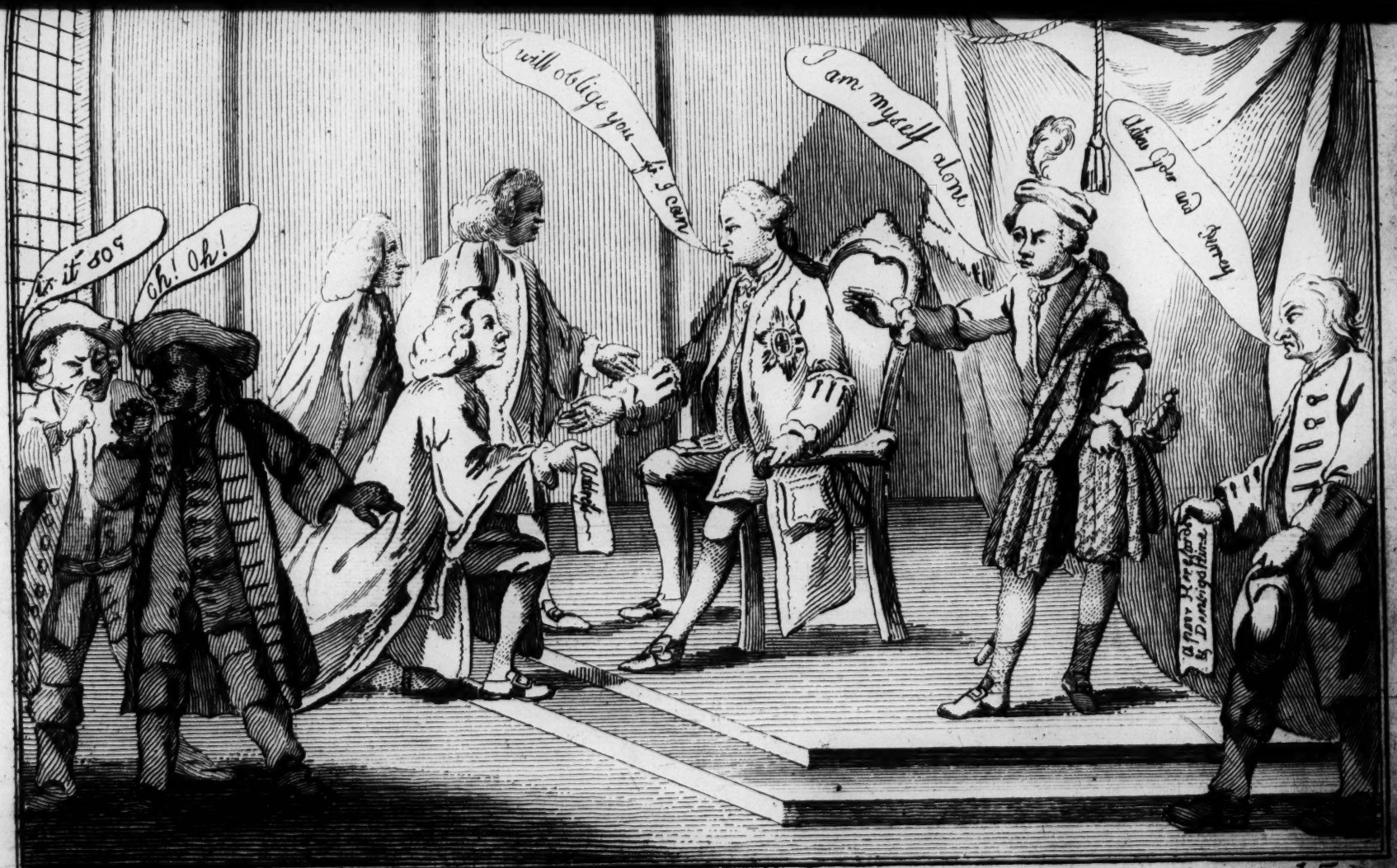
to the



Found in the Neighbourhood

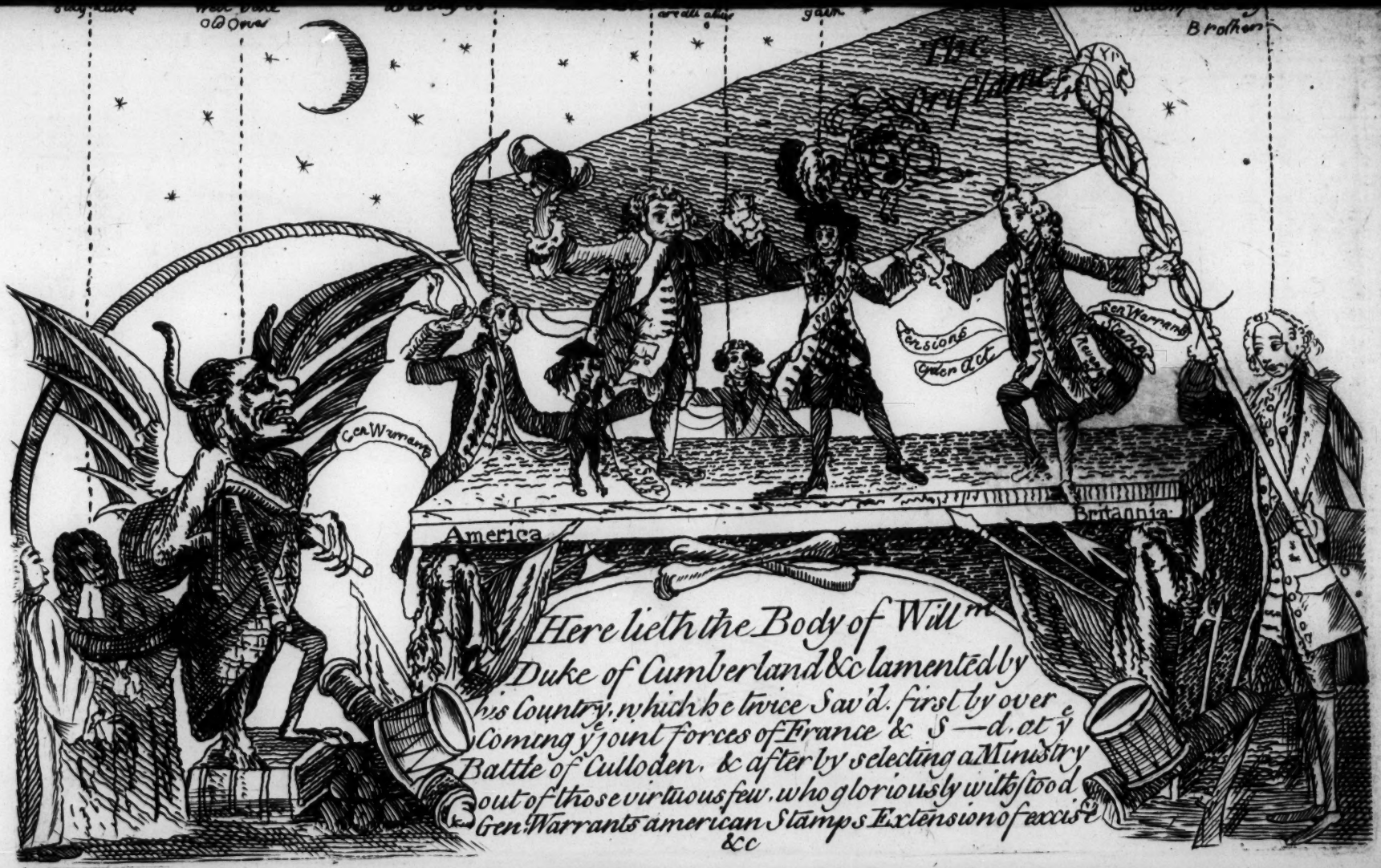
of South Audley Street.

Postage Sixpence.


I will oblige you — if I can
I am myself alone
Adieu Cher ma Reine
Is it so?
Oh! Oh!
Denbigh Hereford. Lyder & Perry Marchant delin. et Sculpsit

15

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI



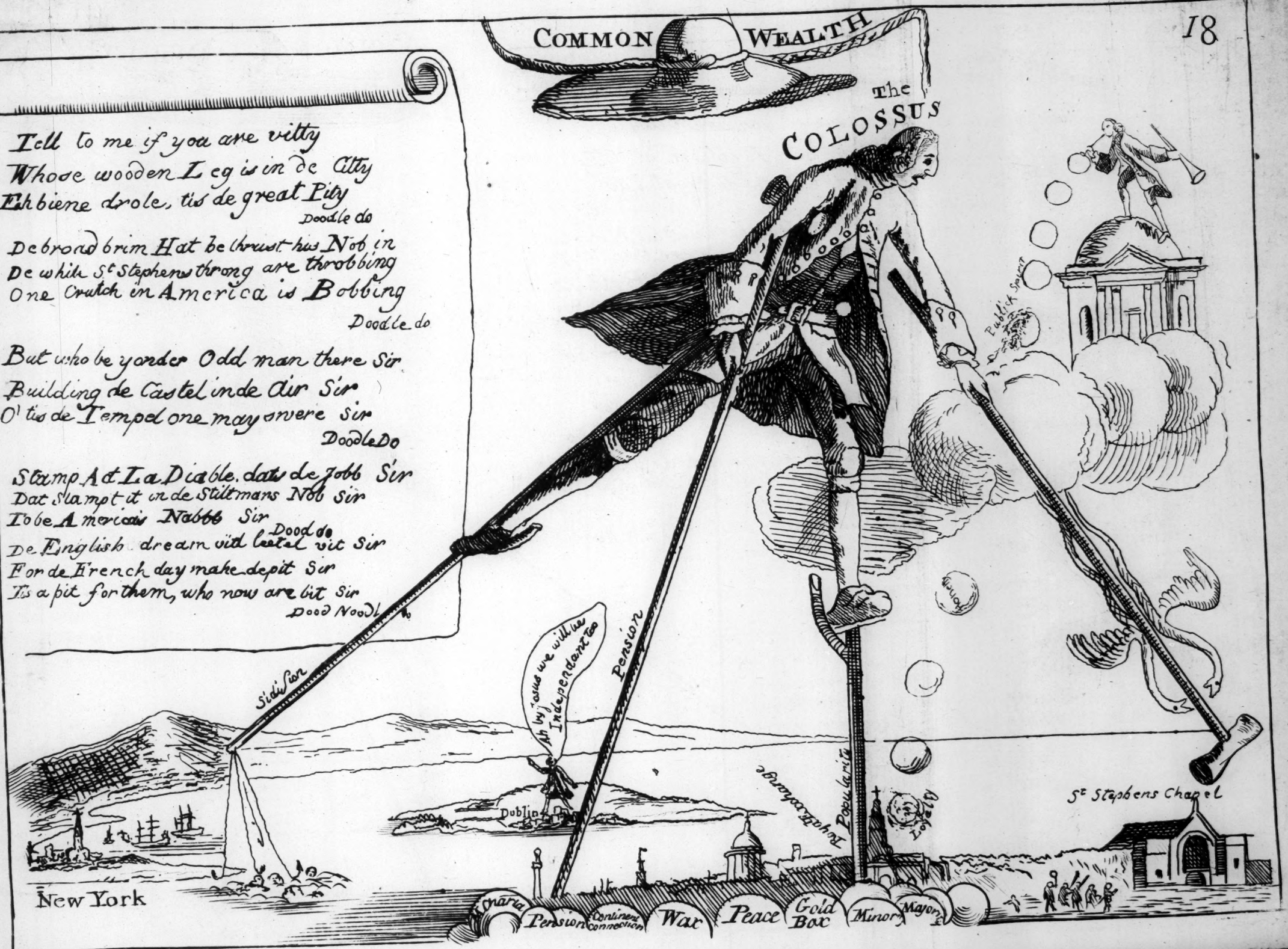
Here lieth the Body of Willm
Duke of Cumberland &c lamented by
his Country, which he twice Sav'd, first by over
Coming ye joint forces of France & S—d, at y^e
Battle of Culloden, & after by selecting a Ministry
out of those virtuous few, who gloriously withstood
Gen Warrants american Stamps Extension of excise
&c

Tell to me if you are witty
Whose wooden Leg is in de Citty
Eh biene drole, tis de great Pity
Doodle do

De broad brim Hat be thrust his Nob in
De while St Stephens throng are throbbing
One Crutch in America is Bobbing
Doodle do

But who be yonder Odd man there Sir
Building de Castel in de Air Sir
O! tis de Temple one may overe Sir
DoodleDo

Stamp Act La Diable, dats de Jobb Sir
Dat Stampt it in de Stiltmans Nob Sir
To be American Nabbs Sir
Dood do
De English dream vid leetel wit Sir
For de French day make depit Sir
Tis a pit for them, who now are bit Sir
Dood Noodle



The Great Financier, or British Œconomy for the Years 1763.1764.1765.

Our Budget is empty & upward it flies.
But our Debt is too unwieldy & sullen to rise.
Such Wonders our Grand Financier can dispense
That he'll pay of ten Millions by saving tenpence
Derry down

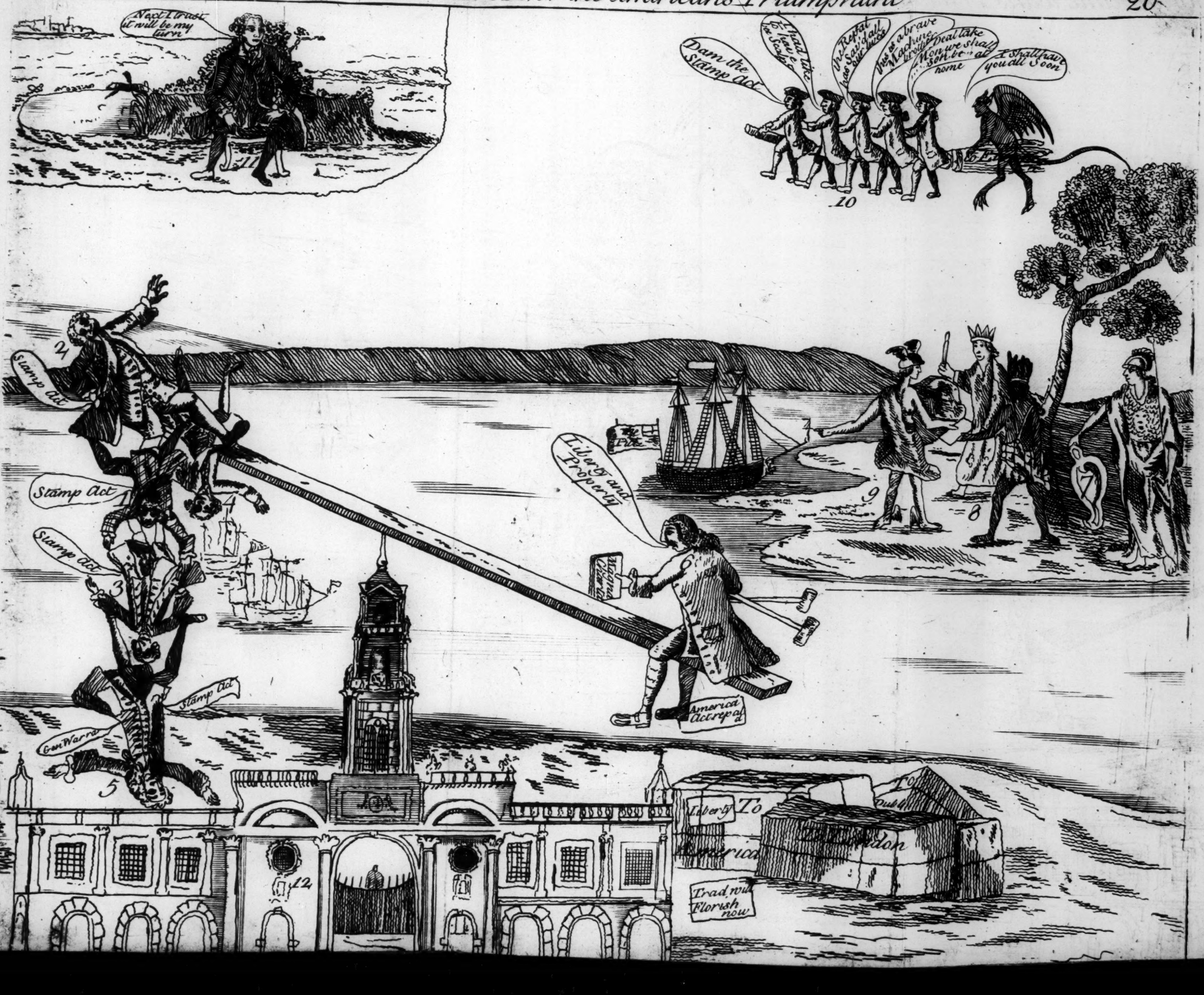
For Conquests or Commerce he cares not a Straw
Nor if French Dutch or Spaniards in trade gweus La[w]
Œconomy only shall cure every Evil,
Pitt Merchants & Soldiers may go to the Devil
Derry down

Sea Captains that once fill'd the World with Alarms
Chang'd to pilfring Tide Waiters dishonour there Arms
But let not rash Critics his measures upbraid
He discharges our Debts by destroying our Trade
Derry down

America groans & petitions in vain
Her Grief is his Joy & her Loss is his Gain
For ways & means curious his Brain he'er
He stops all her wealth & then lays on his Tax
Derry down

See the Mimick of Business sap Britains proud Throne
How her Spear broken lies & Honours are Low
But Œconomy quickly will set all to rights
Such Legerdemain is y bravest of Sights
Derry down

His wonderful Budget will ruin our Foes
While his saveall most sweetly perfume Britains nose
O, may he like his Budget triumpant arise
Whilst a Cord helps his nearer approach to y Skies
Derry down


Next I trust it will be my turn
11
Dam the Stamp Act
I pray Lord take me soon
The Repeal has Sav'd all our Lives
This is a brave Machine
Deal take Mon we shall soon be all home
I shall draw you all soon
10
Stamp Act
1
Stamp Act
2
Stamp Act
3
4
Stamp Act
Gen Warra
5
Liberty and Property
6
America Act repeal'd
9
8
7
Liberty To America
Trad will Flourish now
12

North Briton
South Briton
Bute

Walk in my good Masters & see the fine Play,
Which the Devil & Sawney au Shewing away,
Heres the Wise King of Israel & also his Mother,
With their Statesmen who set all the Land in a Smother.

Price 6 d

Now's your Time my Sweet Ladies Step in then & See,
The finest drest figures as all do agree,
In Short without making the least noise or Strife,
They're all as Compleat & as large as the Life.